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AMUSEMENTS TODAY.

Orpheum—Vaudeville.
Grand—"Old Arkansaw."
Lyric—Vaudeville.

WEATHER FOR SALT LAKE.

Fair.

THE GOLDFIELD SITUATION.

The greatest gold mining camp this nation has ever known is Goldfield, Nevada. Situated close to the heart of a great, gray desert, it throbs with life and activity. It is a city, made so by man's deep rooted love for gold. And today in Goldfield men are walking about bowed by the weight of the firearms they carry. Every man looks upon his neighbor with suspicion. The snap of a friction match in a crowd on a Goldfield street causes a dozen men to jump and feel instinctively for their revolvers.

There is danger of an explosion at any moment, an explosion that might cost, ten, twenty, a hundred lives. The position of Goldfield people may be likened to that of men who sit around a magazine filled with loose powder and smoke pipes. The powder might not explode—but a spark might drop into it at any minute and blow the smokers into eternity. A Goldfield man is quoted as saying: "I came here to make my pile and I'm going to make it unless they carry me out feet first."

There is hardly an hour in the twenty-four at which men do not live at the highest tension, hardly an hour when they lose sight of the fear that the next moment the shot that is going to be heard around the world will be fired. Yet the men stay on. All of them do not stay because they love gold. Some stay because they love excitement, some because they fear they would be branded as cowards if they left, some because they hope to profit by chaotic conditions, some because they have fairly won what they have and their sense of eternal justice prompts them to hold it.

The Herald hopes the situation at Goldfield will be cleared without resort to violence by either labor men or employers, or by either of the warring factions of labor men. It believes in the future of the great camp. Wealth in volume that has yet to be measured is stored away in the hills around the city, and some day, whether it is tomorrow or ten years hence, it is going to be dug out and given its place in the commerce of the world. The intrinsic value of the mines will not be destroyed by industrial troubles. The development can only be deferred.

There should be a reasonable, middle ground on which discordant elements can safely gather. Dead men are not an ornament to any community. One miner with a pick and a pair of strong arms is worth more to Goldfield than a vast cemetery full of corpses. May the right quickly prevail at Goldfield and may normal conditions be restored without delay.

ENGLAND AND SUFFRAGETTES.

To an American the treatment of the English women who have been agitating for the grant of suffrage to their sex is almost incomprehensible. A recent issue of Collier's tells the story in a most interesting way. The movement began with a few prominent leaders. When they consulted Mr. Balfour, then premier, that practical politician told them to "first work up a big, representative organization throughout the country. Second, publicly sound all the parliamentary candidates. Lastly, agitate: kick up a fuss; keep on kicking. Get into the public eye through the newspapers and stay there. If interest and publicity wane, kick up a new kind of fuss. And all the time keep on knocking at the doors of parliament."

The advice sounds like the counsel of a wild-eyed agitator, but it came from a Conservative leader, an aristocrat, a man who abhors fuss. That it was eminently sound has been proved by the result, although it was a little hard on the agitators. And the way they kicked up fusses was a caution to staid old John Bull. They broke up meetings, defied the police, served time in prisons—and time in an English prison is no picnic. They stormed the doors of parliament and were arrested. Then they stormed some more and were arrested again. Dainty, refined women were compelled to scrub stone prison floors, denied visitors and mail, fed on prison diet; some were kept in solitary confinement in small cells with no fire.

Among the prisoners was a daughter of Richard Cobden; Mrs. Montefiore, a woman of wealth and education; Mrs. How-Martyn, lecturer on mathematics at Westfield college; Miss Gawthorpe, honor graduate of Victoria university and others of similar distinction. They were not only arrested, but were treated brutally by the police for resisting arrest. Their hearings in court were in seclusion, not even relatives being permitted to attend. Altogether the law officials and the men who pushed the prosecutions seem to have bungled things as badly as possible and done more to advance the cause of suffrage than if no attention had been paid to the demonstrations.

Leaving aside any consideration of the stupidity of such prosecutions, the prison treatment these women endured seems a relic of the middle ages. In America the judge or prison official who would undertake such a program would attain national celebrity of a most unpleasant kind in twenty-four hours. He would probably attain some personal discomfort as well before he got through.

A long range diagnosis of the situation indicates a serious defect in the English system somewhere. Exact justice is a good thing; but in this case a liberal admixture of common sense, with a dash of the humor which saves a ridiculous situation, might have averted a lot of trouble for the men of England. As it is, they are waking up to their blunders; the police are in a quandary and dodge whenever they see a suffragette coming; the ministry is talking of conciliation and the whole country is beginning to smile a little broadly at the terror these gentle women have inspired in the political leaders and their followers.

A CONSCIENCE OVERTRAINED.

The Honorable George Sheldon, governor of Nebraska, is the victim of an overtrained conscience. Governr Sheldon, having discovered a constitutional provision which sets forth that the chief executive shall receive no perquisites aside from his salary of $2.500 a year, has directed the attorney general to sue him in the name of the state to recover rental of the executive mansion at the rate of $100 a month. The governor's conscience is so extremely sensitive that he cannot live in the mansion rent free, as other governors before him have done.

And he admits that if the judgment of the court is against him he will have to find some other place of residence. He is a poor man and cannot afford to pay nearly half of his small salary for house rent. But Sheldon has already received his reward. He is referred to in Nebraska as "Honest George." That is a sobriquet that has its disadvantages, because other "Honest Georges," and "Honest Dicks" have gone into history as embezzlers of public funds. Of course such a finish is not possible for Sheldon and we make the comment in passing merely to show that the appellation is not all that makes life worth living.

If Sheldon likes it he is welcome to it as far as we are concerned. However, some people will be mean enough to insinuate that Sheldon is making a gallery play in this instance. If his conscience distressed him so terribly about living in the executive mansion without paying rent, there was nothing to prevent him from quietly paying a reasonable sum into the state treasury and then moving out, if he could not stand the expense. There was no real necessity for bringing the question before a court. If Sheldon is satisfied in his own mind that he ought to pay rent to the state a court decision in contravention of that opinion should not cause him to change his opinion.

If a thing is wrong all the court decisions that could be bound into calf volumes in a hundred years would not make it right.

ACCURACY AS A VICE.

Accuracy is a mighty good thing in its place, and its place is nearly everywhere, though not quite. How often have you seen a splendid story spoiled by some ass who points out that the statements therein cannot possibly be true, and then proceeds to mathematically demonstrate the correctness of his position? We do not believe it is right to spoil a good story, when the story does no one any harm.

Comes now, for example, Professor Greenhill, who contributes to the London Post an article that proves beyond the peradventure of a doubt that Hiawatha could not have done the things Longfellow attributed to him. You remember:

Strong of arm was Hiawatha:
He could shoot ten arrows upward
And the tenth had left the bowstring
Ere the first to earth had fallen.
Swift of foot was Hiawatha;
He could shoot an arrow from him
And run forward with such swiftness
That the arrow fell behind him.

Professor Greenhill gravely points out that, if it be admitted that Hiawatha could shoot an arrow a second, which is reasonably fast shooting, the first arrow would be obliged to remain not less than nine seconds in the air. He lays down the rule that "the velocity with which they were shot, being equal to the time multiplied into the half of the value of the constant gravity was 144 feet per second," whatever that may mean. And it is impossible, according to the learned professor, for any human being to hurl anything from him at the rate of 144 feet a second.

Continuing, the professor says: "In shooting an arrow to obtain the furthest flight Hiawatha would let it fly at an angle of 45 degrees, and by a simple trigonometrical calculation we therefore arrive at the fact that the horizontal velocity of the arrow would be rather less than 144 feet a second, or about seventy miles an hour." To beat the arrow Hiawatha would have to run at the rate of 102 feet a second. The mathematician wants to know if he could do it, or if any human being could do it?

We are obliged to answer the question in the negative. At the same time we would like to ask another. Which do you, dear reader, think will be known longer, the story of Hiawatha or Professor Greenhill of London?

A Cleveland woman went into court the other day with a request for an injunction to prevent her husband from saying "fudge." A lot of people ought to be enjoined from making it.

It must have occurred to Abe Ruef of San Francisco that he was to be tried in a court of justice when he forfeited his $50,000 bail bond.

Judge Diehl's action in the Ducey case will probably be taken to mean that he has given up hope of being re-elected.

In case Harry Joseph were elected to succeed Howell, would the joke be on congress or the people of Utah?

BITS OF JUDICIAL WIT.

Humor of the Bench Frequently Livens Up Dry Proceedings.

Justice Maule, one of the most notable of the Victorian judges, is the prince of judicial wits. "My lord, you may believe me or not, but I have stated not a word that is false, for I have been wedded to truth from my infancy," exclaimed a witness, when cautioned by the judge.

"Yes, sir," said Justice Maule, "but the question is how long have you been a widower?"

* * *

At one time the bailiff in charge of a jury was sworn to keep them "without meat, drink or fire." It was Justice Maule who gave the classical reply to the bailiff, who inquired whether he might grant a juryman's request for a glass of water. "Well, it's not meat, and I should not call it drink. Yes, you may."

* * *

Another characteristic display of Justice Maule's humor was occasioned by the appearance of a little girl in the witness box. It was the judge's duty, before allowing her to be sworn, to ascertain whether she understood the nature of an oath and believed in a future state.

"Do you know what an oath is, my child?"

"Yes, sir; I am obliged to tell the truth."

"And if you always tell the truth where will you go when you die?"

"Up to heaven, sir."

"And what will become of you if you tell lies?"

"I shall go to the naughty place, sir."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Yes, sir, quite sure."

"Let her be sworn," said Justice Maule; "it is quite clear she knows a great deal more than I do."

* * *

Nearly all of Maule's good sayings had a strong touch of irony. "May God strike me dead, me lud, if I am guilty!" exclaimed a prisoner, when the jury found him guilty.

Justice Maule waited a few minutes and then said: "Prisoner at the bar, as Providence has not seen fit to interfere, the sentence of the court is—"

* * *

His humor was not always of the kind that makes the bar merry. "I am sorry to interfere," he once observed to an advocate whose speech was wanting in lucidity, "but do you not think that by introducing a little order into your narrative you might possibly render yourself a trifle more intelligible? It may be my fault that I cannot follow you; I know that my brain is getting old and dilapidated, but I should like to stipulate for some kind of order. There are plenty of them. There is the chronological, the botanical, the metaphysical, the geographical—even the alphabetical order would be better than none at all."

* * *

Of judicial wit there are many kinds. Lord Bramwell is among the judges whose style of humor has not been wanting in variety. A prisoner was once tried before him at an assize town for stealing a ham. The day was extremely hot, the counsel was loquacious and the ham perspired in the crowded court. When at last it came to Lord Bramwell to address the tired jury he summed up the case in these words: "There, gentlemen, is the prisoner, and there, gentlemen, is the ham. Consider your verdict."

* * *

Lord Bramwell's wittiest saying, however, belongs to the Old Bailey. A barrister urged that his client, who was accused of shoplifting, was suffering from kleptomania. "That is exactly the disease I am here to cure."

CLEVER PARAGRAPHS.

Trying to Keep Up With Roosevelt.

(St. Louis Republic.)

Just to show the world that he has a finger in every one of the United States's pies, Speaker Cannon, as soon as the session is ended, will hurry off to inspect the Panama canal.

Wait Until Theodore Sees It.

(Los Angeles Times.)

In Ambasador Bryce's celebrated book, "The American Commonwealth," there is a chapter entitled "Why Great Men Are Not Made Presidents."

It Was a Sure Thing.

(New York Herald.)

An Indiana man accused of theft made a plea to the jury in "poetry," and they found him guilty without leaving their seats.

For How Much?

(Atlanta Journal.)

Ambasador Bryce remarks: "I was touched when I landed in New York."

Oratory Triumphs Over Buttermilk.

(New York Sun.)

For president: Beveridge, 7; Fairbanks, 6; in the Nebraska legislature.

John Is No "Mollycoddle."

(Milwaukee Sentinel.)

John L. Sullivan is out for a third term for Roosevelt.

He Has Met Dr. Evans.

(Chicago Tribune.)

All experts do not look alike to Mr. Jerome now.

An Opening for "Poult" Bigelow.

(New York World.)

Why not try a mollycoddle at Panama?

AS THE ENGLISHMAN SAW IT.

(Judge's Library.)

I have often heard that an Englishman couldn't understand an American joke, but never until the other day did I hear this statement proved. A short time ago an Englishman arrived in this city, and I happened to become acquainted with him. He is jolly and likes to hear jokes and stories, so I recited this:

"There was an old lady in Wooster,
Who had an old gray-headed rooster;
The old rooster died,
The lady she cried,
'Cause she don't get the eggs that she 'uster.

The Englishman looked solemn for a moment and then, eyeing me sharply, said:

"Well, but look (h)ere, that is impossible, for the old lady had no (h)ens."

TRUE.

(Milwaukee Sentinel.)

"Now that your busy season is about to open, senator, I presume you are beginning to brush up on your oratory."

"Nothing of the kind," replied Senator Badger. "Nowadays public officials don't have to orate. It's money that talks."

Lingo of the Race Track

Olive Logan's Experience with Joe Ullman

Olive Logan collaborated with Joe Ullman, the bookmaker, in the making of a book of racing stories a few years ago. She recently told some friends about the difficulties she encountered in connection with that job.

"I had to begin life with all over again so far as learning the English language was concerned," she said. "I mean racetrack English. It was about as hard, I should imagine, as mastering Russian.

"Nevertheless, I was not in a position to refuse work. At that particular time I would have undertaken to write a treatise in Sanskrit on the hypothesis of the fourth dimension.

"Mr. Ullman was to tell me racing stories and I was to reduce them to written form. I found Mr. Ullman to be a very sympathetic and agreeable man. But when he got on the subject of racing—when he began to tell a racing story! He might just as well have been conversing in the Zambesi language so far as my understanding him was concerned.

"'Well,' he ran on, at our first working meeting, in describing a race in which the favorite had been taken care of, 'that one, you see, was all riggedi to run for Sweeney—'

"'Sweeney?' I broke in. 'Sweeney? You haven't mentioned that gentleman's name before. What did he have to do with it?'

"Mr. Ullman looked puzzled for a momeni. Then he laughed.

"'Why,' he said, 'Sweeney is the guy, you know, that all the lobs and dead ones trudge for. Just a figure of speech, ma'am, that's all. Sweeney is the—er—well, you can put it another way. Just say that the favorite was fixed to run for the end book, and—'

"'The end book?' I had to ask him. 'Do you mean that some bookmaker had an interest in the horse's non-success and that—'

"Well, you can see how hopeless I was. Mr. Ullman finally got that knot untied for me, but that was only the beginning. He was untying knots of the same kind, and worse, for me throughout all of our sessions.

"'Well,' he would say, and I trying desperately to follow him, 'the boy just picked the horse up and put him in his lap and kept him there.'

"That seemed an astonishing performance on the part of a jockey and seemed to demand an explanation.

"'Only a little way of saying,' Mr. Ullman explained when I broke in upon him, 'that the horse was under wraps and won off by himself, without the kid even hand riding him.'

"Another time, 'Well,' said Mr. Ullman, 'the boy got off that horse's back and peddled matches, and still he won by as far as from here to Los Angeles and back.'

"That was a puzzler, too.

"'Did the jockey really dismount during the race?' I asked the bookmaker. 'The horse must have been an extraordinarily speedy animal to catch up after being delayed that way,' and of course my collaborator had a very legitimate laugh at my expense then.

"'And then,' said Mr. Ullman at another time, 'this mutt, that all hands thought was bound for the glue works, dropped out of the clouds, nailed the rear end taggers in four jumps, climbed over horses, hung seven or eight of 'em on the fence, jammed his way through a hole the size of a doll's thimble, caught the sooner counterfeit that was fizgigging out in front at the sixteenth and came home with a wet sail, winning on the tapeovitch by a face.'

"If I remember correctly it took Mr. Ullman exactly twenty-five minutes to unravel the meaning of that little description of a race.

"At another time Mr. Ullman was telling me about a crooked piece of work manipulated by a shady bookmaker and the shady bookmaker's brother.

"'You see,' he said, 'this sure thing player had a brother who was working the paddock end. The favorite figured to be a 1 to 5 thing, and he was 'Awkin's 'Orse, at that.

"'Well, the chalker's brother gets to the cluck kid—the jock I mean—who's there with the strong arm, and slips him a half M to attend to the snatchsky stuff. That's the way it's fixed.

"'Well,' all the rest of the ringsters lay 1 to 6 against the favorite, but the shady penciler slaps up 1 to 2 and yells for the high slingers all to come to him. He takes in a boilerful of kale at that figure without rubbing.

"'But somebody in the judges' stand gets hep, and the kid is warned that if he doesn't fetch the short odds clomper home, he'll get it where Fannie wears the fichu, and of course there's nothing else for him to do but to hand the two-cross to the phony layer, and he kicks the favorite out from the rap of the drum and fetches him down to the wire by the difference between central and Rocky mountain time, and the tricksey layer and his brother got a green ticket for the citron patch for theirs.'

"You are to remember that for many years I had been editing home pages and women's departments, and the like. I leave it to any impartial person if that kind of a narrative wasn't calculated to make me think that I was dreaming gibberish.

"He was telling me how one of his own horses was left at the post in a big race.

"'And there was I,' he said, 'when the web went up, standing still with my weight on my heels, rubbering over the fence at a bunch of dinges sitting in a tree outside the grounds.'

"He meant that his horse had been left flatfooted when the barrier went up, and that the horse in his abstraction had been gazing at a cluster of darkies in the tree outside the track grounds. But is it reasonable to suppose that I—editress of a woman's page—could have known that without some elucidation?

"'You were standing still?' I said to him. 'Oh, then this wasn't a horserace, but a footrace, and you were—'

"And again he had a perfectly legitimate occasion to throw his head back and laugh.

"'Well,' he said again, with an air of profound disgust over the incident, 'when the bunch hit the top of the bend there was the jock on my Edam sound asleep in the saddle, drpeaming of coin, and he never nudged himself out of the coma till a hunk of Camembert of Jimmie McCafferty's swung to the front and copyed the leading cush by four Salt Lake City blocks.'

"'But is it possible?' I asked him, 'for a jockey to really fall asleep on a horse's back during a race?'

"Oh, there isn't any doubt in the world that at the outset of that experience I was simply a wonder as a compiler of racing stories.

"'This morning glory of mine,' he said, again describing one of his horses, 'could traipse a mile in nothing by lantern light, but when he got the colors up he was a pond lily anchored to the bottom of a muddy lake.'

"Those feral terms sounded pretty enough, but I had to get him to explain them, of course.

"He was describing a famous 2-year-old, a very small horse, that developed wonderful speed and weight-carrying ability.

"'Why,' he said, 'that little scrap of a thing was only as big as a guinea pig or a woodchuck or a Chihuahua dog, but he could carry four members of the Fat Men's club and a bale of hay in each saddle bag and then put down five furlongs quicker than a spotlight could reach from the gallery to the stage.'

"His explanation, of course, modified the velocity of the 2-year-old's performance immensely, but from the way he first put it that little horse surely could go some, as the boys say.

"It didn't take me long, as a matter of fact, to find out that the basis of the racing patois is a tremendous, but picturesque method of exaggeration.

"'That felow,' Mr. Ullman said to me, alluding to a starter whose work he didn't like, 'couldn't start a fire in a hay mow with nineteen boxes of matches. Start race horses? He couldn't start trolley cars!'

"He was speaking of a horse that he considered overrated.

"'That one beat Salvator?' he exclaimed, derisively. 'Why, that plug couldn't have beat a bass drum if he was standing on top of it.'

"He was trying to convey an idea of how tired a field of horses were at the finish of a cup race at two miles and a quarter.

"'They all had search warrants out for holes in the fence,' he said. 'They were leaning on each other in the stretch like a layout of soused students at a stag dinner. Every one of 'em was hollering for seventeen hours of straight slumber. They were only crawling, doing about half a knot a week at the finish. They groped along like a bunch of migrating tree toads. You couldn't see 'em move. Oh, they were tired, all right.'

"Describing a famous cripple, Dr. Rice, that won a great race on three legs, as the stories go, Mr. Ullman said:

"'Why, that old skeleton, when Fred Foster took him up and prepared him, hadn't enough meat on his bones to make a stew of. Every one of his knees was the size of a barrel of tar, and he'd been punch fired and blistered till his legs looked like half finished things at the Eden Musee.'

"'They'd been running him with the hop juice, and when Fred got him he was a coker ready for the Keeley cure. Every time he took a step he made a noise like an old sign creaking in the wind on a March day, and he was so punk in the wind that when he breathed you could hear him in Hoboken.

"'He looked like a camel that had been hit on the wishbone by a simoon, and when you looked at him you felt like staking him to a pan of chloroform to put him out of his misery. But Fred made him look like a new high silk hat just off the shelf, and the things that the hoppy old boneyard did to the rest of them in that Suburban of his.'

"Well, by the time I was ready to turn the compilation of racing stories over to the publisher I knew something about the new language. The worst of it was, when I had finished my sessions with Mr. Ullman I found myself using those quaint racing terms involuntarily in the commerce of daily life, they were so exquisitely pat to fit some occasions, and I used to catch my friends looking at me so strangely when I did that!"

WHO WAS WRONG?

(New York World.)

During the intermission between the third and last acts of "Brewster's Millions," at the New Amsterdam theatre, last night, the orchestra struck up a medley of patriotic airs, including the "Star Spangled Banner," "Dixie," and others.

Well down in the orchestra were five young Englishmen. The last tune in the patriotic medley was "America." Before three notes of the national anthem had been played the five Britishers rose to their feet and stood as straight as soldiers. By twos and threes others in the audience followed their example and stood until the air was finished.

An elderly man sitting directly behind one of the Britishers leaned over and asked: "Do you know what tune that was the orchestra just played?"

"Well, rather. 'God Save the King,'" answered the Englishmen with pitying scorn.

"You made a mistake. It was 'America.'"

Every one who heard the little conversation laughed, and after a moment the Britishers joined in.

MA CAN'T VOTE.

(Chicago Record-Herald.)

Ma's a graduate of college and she's read
'most everything;
She can talk in French and German, she
can paint and she can sing—
Beautiful? She's like a picture! When
she talks she makes you think
Of the sweetest kind of music, and she
doesn't smoke or drink.
Oh, I can't begin to tell you all the
poems she can quote;
She knows more than half the lawyers
do, but ma can't vote.

When my pa is writing letters ma must
always linger near
To assist him in his spelling and to make
his meaning clear.
If he needs advice her judgment, he admits, is always best;
Every day she gives him pointers, mostly
at his own request;
She keeps track of legislation, and is
taxed on bonds and stocks,
But she never gets a look-in at the sacred ballot box.

Ma is wiser than our coachman, for he's
not a graduate,
And I doubt if he could tell you who is
governing the state;
He has never studied grammar, and I'll
bet he doesn't know
Whether Caesar lived a thousand or two
thousand years ago;
He could never tell us how to keep the
ship of state afloat,
For he doesn't know there's such a thing
—but ma can't vote.

Once when Mr. Jones was calling they
got up a short debate
That was on the tariff question; he supposed he had it straight,
But before they'd finished talking he
threw up his hands and said
That he'd not read much about it nor remembered what he'd read;
He's too badly rushed to study how to
better human lives,
Still he looms up like a giant when election time arrives.

Mrs. Gookins does our washing, for she
has to help along,
Taking care of her six children, though
her husband's big and strong;
When he gets a job he only holds it till
he draws his pay,
Then he spends his cash for whisky, or
else gambles it away;
I suppose his brain's no bigger than the
brain of any goat,
And he'd trade his ballot for a drink—
but ma can't vote.

A SOULFUL YEARNING.

(Puck.)

I'd like to be a chestnut burr,
Great comfort, I would have, no doubt,
For then I'd have a chance to wear
My winter flannels inside out.

THE ONLY WAY.

(Cleveland Press.)

"How do you like your hair cut?" asked the barber, who was anxious to please.

"Off," replied the customer, who was a man of few words.

RISKS OF THE GUN.

How and Why Shooting Accidents Occur at Sporting Parties.

(London Express.)

The terrible tragic death of Lady Dorothy Cuthbert, who was accidentally shot by her husband, Captain Cuthbert, while pheasant shooting near their home at Beaufront castle, Hexham, Jan. 31, will again bring home to the minds of sportsmen the ease with which the most seasoned shot may meet with a mishap ending in a fatality.

There is an excellent rule for the novice with a gun, to the effect that he should keep as much as possible on the left side of whoever is walking with him. Then, if an unlooked-for discharge should occur while he is carrying his gun across his body in expectancy of game, the shot will go off harmless into space. Captain Cuthbert, as a practiced sportsman, would be well aware of this safeguard, and it was probably because of his own greater experience that he was walking on his wife's right hand.

The most experienced shot is not always the most careful; but fatal mishaps have frequently occurred in which the utmost care has been combined with the utmost experience. A loaded gun, however good the action, may go off at any moment through a jar, or through a piece of grit or other foreign substance finding its way into the lock action. Indeed, a loaded gun, even if it have a safety bolt (for safety bolts are liable to fail), is always dangerous, and the sad termination of many pleasant shoots bears witness to the fact.

Cause of Accidents.

By far the greater number of shooting accidents, however, are caused by carelessness, often due to a temporary lapse of thought resulting from the excitement of the sport. It is very easy for the novice to forget that he is carrying a dangerous weapon, but the seasoned sportsman often errs through his very familiarity with his gun and with the operations of a shoot.

It has been laid down that the first, last, and ever present thought of the sportsman should be to do nothing that can by any possibility imperil the lives of any of his companions. If this state of mind were general among the members of shooting parties, it is safe to say the percentaage of mishaps which mar every season would be considerably reduced.

Accidents have frequently happened through a gun suddenly discharging when its owner has been in the act of closing it, the gun at the time being carelessly pointed at another member of the party. Many a serious mishap has also resulted from an unexpected discharge while the owner has been climbing a fence or jumping a ditch. In such cases the accident generally happens to the person carrying the weapon.

A careful sportsman unloads before he climbs or jumps, and he never puts his finger on the trigger until he has his gun at his shoulder. Yet even he will meet with absolutely inexplicable accidents, his gun, whose action may be of the very best, going off through no apparent cause. This only emphasizes the value of the rule never to hold a gun in such a position that in the event of an accidental discharge the life of any human being would be endangered.

It is well when closing a loaded gun to keep a firm grip of it, for there is a case on record of a tried old sportsman narrowly escaping with his life through holding his gun loosely during the closing process. One barrel went off. The gun flew from his hand on the recoil, the butt struck the ground, jarring off the other barrel, and the charge went through the brim of the man's hat and cut the skin of his forehead.

Mishaps, sometimes fatal, have resulted from carrying a gun on the shoulder with the trigger guard downwards. If a man persists in holding his gun in this position, it must follow at any big shoot that there are sometimes human beings in a line with the muzzle of his gun, and in danger of an unlooked-for discharge which may occur.

Risk From Excitement.

The excitement of a shoot and the desire to get one more bird have led to careless firing in a direction where there are companion shots within range, and the record of accidents from this cause is a heavy one. Experience has also shown that a man runs grave personal risks from drawing his gun, which he has previously placed against a tree, toward him by the muzzle.

A gun with hammers is always more dangerous than one with a hammerless action. The hammer is liable to catch in the clothes and to slip from under the thumb, the latter especially when the handsare numbled with cold. There is grave danger here to the owner as well as his companions.

There are certain curious accidents, however, which cannot be ascribed either to inexperience, thoughtless excitement, or the familiarity born of contempt. They are due to richochetting shot. Members of shooting parties have frequently seen cases, in which shot, glancing at amazing angles from the ground, from trees, and even from the birds fired at, have struck some one of their number with more or less serious consequences.

THE SPOILER.

(The Congregationalist.)

(With apologies to "The Vampire.")

A woman there was and she wrote for the
press
(As you or I might do.)
She told how to cut and fit a dress,
And how to stew many a savory mess,
But she never had done it herself, I
guess—
(Which none of her readers knew.)

O, the hour we spent and the flour we
spent,
And the sugar we wasted like sand
A tithe best of a woman who never had
cooked
(And now we know that she never could
cook)
And did not understand.

A woman there was and she wrote right
fair
(As you or I might do.)
How out of a barrel to make a chair,
To be covered with chintz and stuffed
with hair,
'Twould adorn any parlor and give it an
air;
(And we thought the tale was true.)

O, the days we worked and the ways we
worked
To hammer and saw and hack,
In making a chair in which no one
would sit,
A chair in which no one could possibly
sit
Without a crick in his back.

A woman there was and she had her fun
(Better than you or I.)
She wrote recipes and she never tried one,
She wrote about children—of course, she
had none;
She told us to do what she never had
done
(And never intended to try.)

And it isn't to toil and it isn't to spoil
That brims the cup of disgrace;
It's to follow a woman who didn't know
beans
(A woman who never had cooked any
beans.)
But wrote and was paid to fill space.